

NEW YORK JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER.
W. R. HEARST.

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Weather—Fair; stationary temperature; southwesterly winds.

AN APPEAL
TO THE LAW AGAINST
COLLIS.

has resisted every appeal made to him through the press to push the work in which he is engaged. He has been allie superior to a sense of duty and indifferent to the most serious imputations on his motives for permitting the contractors to do as they please and to take as long as they find profitable to finish their jobs. The public and the press have petitioned, argued and raged in vain. Collis has continued to treat the streets as if they were his private property, sub-let to favored contractors.

The Journal believes in action. Precisely as it procured an injunction from the Supreme Court restraining the Aldermen from granting to the Consumers' Gas Company last Winter the privilege of tearing up miles of the streets and bestowing on the corporation a valuable franchise—a job that the Aldermen were thus forced to abandon—so now the Journal, other means having proved unavailing, has determined to invoke the power of the courts.

Through the co-operation of a number of large and respectable business firms, an action has been instituted for the purpose of taking Fifth avenue from the clutches of Collis. The firms are Neuman & Co., Black, Starr & Frost; Arthur Tooth & Sons, L. Marcotte & Co., Duvene Bros., H. B. Hertz & Sons and A. Olivetti & Co. These establishments are located on the devastated avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-first streets. The affidavits of the plaintiffs show that for periods extending from three months to a whole year their business has been interfered with by the shocking state of the thoroughfare. The action takes the form of a suit for damages against William P. Baird, the contractor, brought under Section 335 of the Penal Code, subdivision 5, which in its third article provides a remedy for any nuisance which "interferes with, obstructs, or tends to obstruct, or renders dangerous for passage * * * any street or highway." It is hoped that, following this action against the contractor, a mandatory injunction can be procured to prevent the Commissioner of Public Works from longer keeping the sidewalks of Fifth avenue covered with paving material and iron pipes, the latter being there in violation of the specific terms of Baird's contract, which stipulates that such pipes shall not be delivered until they are necessary for use.

Everybody who cares for New York, who desires decent streets and resents official insolence and incompetence, or worse, will feel an ardent desire for the success of this action, instituted by Einstein & Townsend, as attorneys for the business men who pray for relief from an inexcusable and insufferable nuisance and damages for the losses inflicted upon them. If the action shall yield the mandatory injunction looked for or bring recompense to the directly injured business men, citizens on the other streets where public and private rights are similarly ignored will be encouraged to apply the lash of the law as the merchants of Fifth avenue have decided to do. The Journal's assistance can be counted on by all who will show sufficient public spirit to make their individual wrongs the occasion for a resort to the courts on behalf of open streets.

The action at law has already borne good fruit. Collis, learning that it was to be brought, yesterday made an attempt to shift responsibility by addressing a letter to Contractor Baird threatening him with dire consequences if he did not put on more men and hasten the completion of his work. At last the sleeper has been roused. But confession and repentance under duress will not remove from his shoulders the load of blame that is justly piled there. If full justice were done in the premises General Collis would be removed from office and punished heavily in pocket. His conduct has been and is utterly indefensible. His excuses for the sustained outrage of the streets have only served to prove his unfitness for his post.

The streets of New York will be rescued from the hands of General Collis and his contractors if the courts shall support the Journal's purpose.

PUBLIC RIGHTS
FOR
THE PUBLIC.

The value of a street railway franchise depends on the number of people who live in the territory which the railroad serves. The populousness of the territory is not caused by the railroad. It depends upon a number of causes all uniting in the accomplishment of one end. The railroad corporation may advance or may impede this work. Its influence is not, however, the determining power for good or bad. For example, Broadway is not great as a business street because a cable road traverses it. The road is there because Broadway is a great business street. It is prosperous because a host of the people live in the territory through which its rails are laid.

Now, since the prosperity of a street railroad proceeds wholly from the people, it is proper that the people should share in that prosperity. More than that, since the very existence of a street railroad depends upon the grant of the right to use a street which belongs to all the people, a street which was laid out and dedicated to public usage decades, and perhaps even centuries, before street railroads were conceived, the people, the public for whom the street was planned, are entitled to share profits at least equally with the owners of stock in the corporation.

The most valuable asset of any street railroad in a considerable city of the United States to-day is its right of way. For that, as a rule, it paid nothing—or if any payment was made it was not to the real sellers—namely, the people. The rails, the cars, the motive power, are supplied and paid for by the corporation. The street, the right of way, the great body of people who are compelled day by day to use the cars of this corporation in going to and from their daily toil, were not produced by the corporation. Upon the cost of everything the company furnished the company has an ethical right to interest and reasonable profit. Upon the value of that which the people furnish the city has a right to reasonable interest.

These facts are receiving wider attention this year than ever before. They will be more thoroughly discussed in New York this Fall than ever in the history of the city. Almost daily the Democratic leaders are being urged to make this or that declaration in the city platform for city ownership of natural monopolies. Some such declaration unquestionably should be made. No party, standing, as the Democratic party claims to stand, for the people, can refrain from a positive demand that the people shall have a share of that value which they create.

The method by which this share shall be secured for the people is matter for discussion. In the case of gas companies only one intelligent course is possible. The ultimate purpose of every city should be to own and to conduct its own gas works, charging for the commodity furnished the least price which will cover the cost of manufacture and interest on the plant. This is already the usual course adopted by a municipality in dealing with the problem of water supply for its people. There are, however, reasons why the street railway problem should be differently solved. Management of the roads by city officials is not impossible, but it may be doubted whether it would be the best plan. Mere compulsory reduction of fares would not be wholly just, for the profit to the individual rider would be quickly taken away from him and transferred to the landlord in the district favored with cheap fares. It is well worth consideration whether the intelligent course is not the ownership by the city of the right of way and the roadbed and their lease to the corporation at a reasonable rental. New York City might maintain the Broadway line, for example, and rent it to the Metropolitan Traction Company. To-day the trains of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad enter New York over a roadbed leased from another corporation, and the Michigan Central road enters Chicago over the roadway of the Illinois Central. No complications result from the usage of a track belonging to one road by the trains of another. No complication need result from the usage of roadways belonging to the city by corporations organized to operate street railway lines.

No possible issue before the people of New York has half the local importance that this of the public ownership of public rights has. It needs the fullest discussion, and it ought to be the basic principle on which the Democracy will fight the local campaign.

The administration will be indignant in its effort to force a forced season for Georgia's negro postmasters.

Indiana's finger of scorn was jerked out of joint by the Vesalians' lynching party.

CUBA
WILL BE
FREE.

When the friends of Cuba were last endeavoring to secure helpful action from Congress, the Cuban League of the United States became unusually conspicuous and energetic. Suddenly it ceased its public efforts. This was done because assurances were received from the Administration that in due time the pledge of the Republican national platform regarding intervention in Cuba's behalf would be redeemed. Since then little has been heard from the League, but now Ethan Allen, its president, has issued an address in which he says:

The hour of emancipation for Cuba is at hand. The commanding voice of the nation has at last reached the Executive. Though the delay has been much too long, still the retribution at hand will excuse past delinquency.

Ethan Allen is right. The hour of emancipation for Cuba is at hand. No matter what glosses may be put upon the message of President McKinley to Spain, through Minister Woodford, the Journal has given the exact truth respecting it. The Spanish Government has been notified that the war in Cuba must end. This is intervention, and the independence of the Cubans is assured.

THE "CITS"
AND THE
TENEMENTS.

We have received from the Citizens Union "Pamphlet No. 4" of the very effective series of illustrated tracts which that political organization is issuing, presumably in furtherance of Mr. Low's candidacy, though the argument is rather obscure. This tract, which is typographically of a character in harmony with the wealth of the organization issuing it, tells of the great work done in improving the "slums" of New York during the administration of Mayor Strong. It is illustrated with pictures of the old Mott Street Barracks and Gotham Court, two rookeries now being destroyed, and gives briefly a summary of the work done to better the condition of those who live in New York's tenements. The pamphlet is emphatically a record of progress, but what it has to do with the Citizens' Union campaign is rather difficult to conjecture.

It is true that the platform of Mr. Low's organization declares for the thorough enforcement of "all laws providing for the improvement and better sanitation of tenement houses." So, too, in all probability, will the platforms of both the Democratic and Republican conventions. In matters of this sort backward steps are not taken, and the work begun by the Tenement House Commission of 1894 will be prosecuted while need exists for it—which will be for a long time, since the people ejected from overcrowded tenements are likely, under existing conditions, to go and overcrowd others.

It is clever of our energetic friends the "Cits" to thus seize upon everything which has been well done in the last three years as proof of their own virtues, though their organization has had barely three months' life. They are applying to politics the maxim which Montaigne confessed guided his literary efforts—they take what is good wherever they can find it. That late years have seen a great development of the public conscience, a great broadening of human sympathy among all classes, a wider altruism and an increasing interest in the fortunes of the poor, they seem to ignore. To non-partisan government alone they ascribe all New York's share in a humanitarian wave that has been world-wide.

Perhaps the logic of the "Cits" is not of the best, but everybody must admire their audacity. First in the ring, they are delivering blows with much fury and force, but it might be better generalship to save some of the strength they are thus wasting on the empty air until their opponent comes up to the scratch.

One of the questions put by the Civil Service Board to aspirants for teachers' certificates is said to be this: "How many miles of New York's streets can be used by the bicycle, and how many has Colonel Waring not cleaned?" Another that would appeal to the heart of the metropolitans might be asked: "When, in your judgment, will Chas. Collis be awakened from his dream that the streets of New York are in the Klondyke and that he is working them as his private hydraulic mine?"

The very latest thing in bolts is that of Hon. Paddy Gleason from the Palmer and Buckner party. As Paddy was about the only member of that party who ever succeeded in reaching an elective office his defection is not an affair to be passed off lightly.

Mr. Cleveland's return to the Jersey assessor indicates that he is still in a mood to talk of "the communists of New Jersey."

A Whole Fleet
of Cinderellas.

AN important part of the municipal navy of New York is the "ash fleet," of which Colonel Waring is the commander. The flagship of the fleet is the first steel barge built for carrying the refuse of a great city down the bay, away from the tender nostrils of the Colonel-Commodore and the others who live in New York. Other steel barges, with automatic dumping equipment, are building at Eliza bethport, N. J.

The names for these useful vessels have been selected by the Colonel-Commodore. Cinderella seems such a poetic name, likewise such an appropriate name, that the commander-in-chief of the white wings army and navy deems it worthy to be repeated. Yet to entitle one large Cinderella No. 1, and another Cinderella No. 2, and thus on through the list of numbers would indicate a paucity of inventive faculty, and, moreover, might tend to confusion in the designation of the barges. The Colonel-Commodore has found a way out of the dilemma without yielding the name of the little lady whose fairy foot fitted the crystal slipper and his mentality. He calls upon the European Continental languages to supply the names of their native Cinderellas.

This charming story of Cinderella is older than printing, possibly older than writing. It is in the folk lore of every European



The Colonel-Commodore.

country, and Colonel-Commodore Waring might find it even in Asia and Africa should he inquire. Europe supplies enough names for present use, however.

Up in the Far North, where mild King Oscar reigns over Sweden and Norwegians and over the Goths and Vandals, little Cinderella is called Askungen, and makes the trip to the Prince's hall in a sleigh.

In France the drudge who becomes a princess is Cendrillon, not very different from Cinderella.

The sentimental Italian calls her Cenerentola. The Teutons invent her with the polysyllabic nomenclature characteristic of their tongue. In Dutch Cinderella is Aschenbroedel.

In German she is Aschenbroedel, Commodore Waring has given acute study to these names, and of them all the German best pleases his sprightly fancy. The new barge next to be employed to transport the refuse will be Aschenbroedel.

While the Colonel-Commodore is pleased with his naming, the men of his department are not participating in his glee.

Yesterday the Deputy Commissioner of the Street Cleaning Department was asked the names to be bestowed on the new barges.

"I have heard the names, but I cannot repeat them," he answered, frankly. "Colonel Waring could tell you, but he is out of the city."

A foreman buried his head in his hands when the same question was asked him. "The captain of the boat that tows the barges bit his tongue off trying to speak those names," he said, upon drying his tears. "Sure, if there's a collision with one of them boats somebody'll get hurt."

What may not happen when Colonel and Commodore Waring telephones: "Send Songdreyong to Forty-third street, and Askungen to the east side; have Aschenbroedel tied up for the night and tow Die Aschenbroedel to the Battery?"

AMBIGUOUS.

The following rather ambiguous advertisement appeared in the "Personal" column of a Western newspaper a short time ago:

"Wanted—Information regarding the whereabouts of Ebenezer Jones, who is supposed to have died in this city last year."

A still more ambiguous personal appeared in a Chicago paper a year or two ago. It was as follows:

"If this should meet the eye of Lewis J. Smith and he will send his present address to his old home he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED—ANOTHER REFORM.

Now the theatre-bait? Doesn't know where it's at? It's been short of its plumes, and its feathers are flat!

And the matinee Grace? With unabashed faces, Are smiling like dutiful dams in their places; But with perfect submission They've signed a petition

For a change in another theatre condition; And here's what they say To the Council to-day—

For which all the charming petitioners pray: "Away with the feet That climb over the seat, A mythical 'friend' in the lobby to meet; Away with the doves That return with the doves, And the breath that all over the theatre roves! The fellows who scramble and squeeze to their places, And ruthlessly trample the silks and the laces; Away, Away, They say, With those fellows to-day!

Let 'em march 'em as flat As the theatre hat, Chain 'em down till the end of the play!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

FATHER HAS SOLD HIS WHEAT.

There is nothing too good for us now, I shall have a new suburban scene. And Johnny is going to get him a horse That can pass anything on a track, And mother will dress in silk, And, oh, but it's easy and sweet— Everybody's polite and clever and kind, Since father has sold his wheat.

We'll build a new house in the Spring, And we'll store the old organ away, And as soon as the dicker is made I shall have a piano to play. The fellows are coming in droves And life is deliciously sweet.

Oh, every one seems 'so hot' to-day! Since father has sold his wheat!

—Cleveland Leader.

No Cow's Milk
for the Marquis.

POSSIBLY the funniest thing that has happened in connection with the birth of the "Vanderbilt Duke," as certain American publications are fond of calling the little Marquis of Blandford, the first-born of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, is the statement that a special cow is being isolated from all other cows and put on a carefully prepared diet, so that she will give nothing but the best and purest milk for the consumption of the noble infant.

Now, I don't know anything about children, but when I was telling a doctor chap about the elaborate preparation of this Marlborough cow for the benefit of the Marlborough baby he roared with laughter.

When I demanded the cause of his unusual hilarity he said that only poor people ever fed little babies on cow's milk when the mother couldn't furnish the nutriment.

"What do they give them, then?" I asked, for I was ignorant of the subject as the fellow that invented the cow story.

"Why, they employ wet nurses, of course," was the response, with an emphasis of infinite scorn that quite squelched me.

And now I suppose that some enterprising fair will invent a genealogy, a regimen and an isolation for the Marlborough wet nurse, to take the place of that so ingeniously constructed for the cow.

Tuxedo is flourishing. It is enjoying a boom just now that is unexcelled in its history. The club house is overflowing now, and every room has been engaged for the month of October.

One encounters stalwart chappies on every side, and the daily display of Tuxedo calves, which are the largest and finest in the country, is stupendous.

The Kent calves are especially noticeable for their huge dimensions and their perfect curves.

Fernando Ynzaga, the Impossible, is only in evidence at Tuxedo, but he is building another cottage there, very much to the mystification of certain people who professed to believe that Fernando's cottage-building days were over.

Stanley Mortimer, who is gradually recovering from the polo accident that broke his leg in Newport, has taken a cottage for October, and James J. Van Alen has engaged six rooms at the club for the same time.

Goold Hoyt is on hand in all his elegance, and that one-time red Indian, young Hani Fish, is resting there in unaccustomed and astounding quiet.

Others of the colony are Mr. and Mrs. William Storrs Wells, Herbert C. Pell, J. F. D. Lanier, Richard Mortimer, Henry I. Barbery and Mr. and Mrs. George F. Baker and their daughter, Miss "Queenie" Baker, whose unfortunate connection with the death of James P. Kernochan is still recalled with every mention of the name.

About the most interesting recent happening at Tuxedo was the dinner dance given by Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., on Friday night in honor of Miss Fifi Potter. There was a large company in attendance, the music was furnished by a Hungarian band imported from New York for the occasion and the cotillon was led by Richard Mortimer.

Fifi Potter is one of the most interesting young women in society. This is not due alone to the fact that she is the daughter of James Brown Potter, the good Bishop's quiet nephew, and of Clara Urquhart Potter, the famous actress, and probably the most

Jewess. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

A LITTLE TOO MUCH SURPRISE.

"MY dear," remarked Mrs. Gowanus to her better half, "I think I will give one of those 'immigrant parties' that seem to be so popular."

"Why follow slavishly along the beaten sidewalk of custom?" remonstrated Gowanus; "make it a surprise immigrant affair, and show the community at large that they need not look far from home for genius and originality."

Mrs. Gowanus thoughtlessly acquiesced. Invitations were duly sent out, and their neighbors, the Hardworkers, were chosen for the victims. About 8:30 on the evening in question a motley gathering—carrying a number of baskets and bundles—started in procession from the Gowanus mansion. In order to fully bear out the immigrant idea, each couple was conversing loudly in accents that were supposed to be in keeping with the costumes. What they lacked in accurate interpretation was, however, fully made up in volume of sound.

When the masqueraders reached the Hardworkers' house they found it in darkness and gloom, and it was realized that the usual procedure of privately notifying the principals in regard to the contemplated surprise party had been inadvertently omitted. Moreover, the pet bull dog of the family had been left unchained, and in his wild rush upon the supposed Italian man and woman, he did not pause in order to verify the identity of the guests.

The two French peasants totally omitted the usual formality of making their exit through the gateway, and there was not a trace of foreign accent in their voices as they hung suspended from the single strand of barbed wire that overtopped the fence. The remainder of the amateur immigrants had dropped all their encumbrances and taken to flight, although the swarthy Castilian bade them not to be afraid from the safe vantage of one of the shade trees.



Meanwhile, Hardworker had been aroused from a sound sleep by the wild noise, and under the impression that a gang of marauders must have broken loose upon his chicken coops, he had opened the window and discharged both barrels of his antiquated shotgun in the direction of the most noise, and severely wounded his own faithful quadruped. It took some time to explain the little misunderstanding to the bewildered and irate host, and he did not produce the needed dispatch until he had broken down the front door, and wheelbarrows, with his accustomed urbanity. Moreover, he openly bewailed the fact that his shot had taken effect upon the wrong individual.

The masquerade dispersed very quietly, as soon as their wounds would permit, and were unanimously of the opinion that "immigrant surprise parties" are not what they are cracked up to be.

sensational product of the Four Hundred. Miss Fifi has excellent claims of her own to distinction. She is as handsome a young lady as you will find in a day's search, and she promises still more of beauty as the years increase.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., will sail for Europe to-day to join her mother-in-law in the South of France, but young Pierre will keep his cottage at Tuxedo open until November, when he will go to North Carolina for some shooting and the field trials of hunting dogs.

Mme. Jerome Bonaparte, widow of Colonel Jerome Bonaparte, has gone to Paris for a visit to her daughter, who somewhat less than a year ago was married in Washington with great splendor to Count von Moltke-Hulfeldt.

Concertations will shortly be in order for the Count and Countess, as the auspicious event for which Mme. Bonaparte timed her visit abroad is scheduled for October. The preparations for this happy event have been made on the most lavish scale, and the layette awaiting the young heir is such as would befit a prince of the blood royal.

Mme. Bonaparte will remain in Paris with her daughter for the entire Autumn, and may possibly spend the Winter with her in Paris. As yet she has made no plans with regard to her return to this country.

Mr. Paul Male, of the Belgian Legation, whose romantic engagement to Miss Belknap, daughter of the late ex-Secretary of War, was announced some time since in the Journal, has just sailed for his native country to undergo an examination for promotion in the Diplomatic Corps.

Mr. Male, it will be remembered, is a member of one of the oldest Jewish families in Belgium, and prior to his approaching marriage to Miss Belknap the latter will renounce her faith and formally become a member of the Jewish Church. This is in accordance with the requirements of the groom-elect's mother, who, a woman of great wealth, would have disinherited her son in the event of his marrying out of his faith.

When these young people announced their intention of becoming engaged, Mrs. Male, who in the most active manner, and for a time would hear of nothing in this respect. Some while later, however, she consented to entertain the idea and refrain from disinheriting her son under the stipulation that he would immediately leave Washington, where he was attached to the Belgian Legation. Further, he was to remain apart from his fiancée for a year.

If at the end of that time they were still true to each other and desired the engagement, Mrs. Male stated she would withdraw her opposition.

Accordingly, the Male family, whose influence is powerful, effected a transfer for the young diplomat, and had him assigned to duty in Japan. In August the year of probation was up, and true to his word and the dictates of his heart, Mr. Paul Male returned to this country to see his fiancée.

Mrs. and Miss Belknap were spending the Summer in Colobour, Canada, and there the young lover went for a stay of three weeks. Then came the cablegram from the Home Office summoning Mr. Male to return and take his examination for promotion. So he has sailed, but before going he gave to Miss Belknap a magnificent diamond ring. Immediately upon the return of Mr. Male to this country the marriage will take place. That it will be of more than ordinary interest goes without saying. It will be preceded by the unusual ceremonies attendant upon Miss Belknap becoming a Jewess. CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

THE MERRY
JESTER.

"Doctor, do you think it possible for a healthy ten-year-old boy to get nervous prostration from mental strain?"

"You are referring to your own boy, I presume?"

"Certainly."

"What are the circumstances?"

"What I offered him his choice between \$40 worth of fireworks and a new racing wheel."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "you ought to do something for that cold of yours. A neglected cold sometimes leads to serious consequences."

"This cold of mine isn't neglected," crossly answered Brooks. "Five or six hundred of my friends are looking after it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Maud's husband has an awful temper. About once a week he gets crazy mad and tears up her hair."

"Oh, how nice!"

"Nice?"

"Of course, you silly thing. Doesn't he have to get her a new one?"

"I hadn't thought of that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Faw, what is a gentleman of the old school?"

"Frahbie is one of these fine, smooth-tongued old gentlemen who think it awful that a woman should know how to repair a punctured tire, but just perfectly lovely for her to know how to fix a sewing machine."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Miss Fawcett has had exceptional social advantages," said one young woman. "She has been presented to the Queen."

"It's strange that I never heard of it," replied the other.

"Oh, she never mentions it. You see, it occurred so soon after Her Majesty's coronation."

—Washington Star.

"The ordinance prohibiting pedlars yelling their wares upon the street," said the thin man, "is a good one in many ways, but I see a terrible flaw to the matter."

"What is it?" asked the thick man.

"Every pedlar in town will find his way on to the stage as a musical wonder."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Freedom for the
Bicycle Girl.

She Would Outride a Chaperon. To the Editor of the Journal:

Sir—Mr. Cholly Knickerbocker does not belong in America. He ought to go to England and ride a bicycle followed by a groom, while the lady accompanying him might have not only a ferocious chaperon, but also a maid a wheel, and a ferocious dog trailing her in the "Mell," or whatever you call it. By his advice, printed in this morning's paper, that a young lady should not ride with a young man without a chaperon, he shows that he has not learned the lesson everybody else has learned, that American girls can take care of themselves.

I am one of those American girls. I glory in the independence that we have gained in the triumph of decency that is banished by the abolition of the chaperon, for I regard the chaperon as an institution abolished in this country. The purpose of the chaperon was nasty. The idea of espionage came from distrust of women and fear of men. A girl constantly watched would have no opportunity to do a not watched would do wrong.

The foundation is false. A just understanding of the world is a better guardian than any chaperon. Improprieties in con-



Well Protected.

duct may be committed by a girl free from the chaperon's leash, I freely admit. But they are more likely to be committed by the girl who, usually under surveillance, seizes any opportunity to escape her guard, and a clever girl can readily find the opportunity.

I am nineteen years old. My grandmother says that I know more of the world than she knows. I believe that she is right. I ride the bicycle, and she does not. I have the confidence in my riding that comes from knowledge of the wheel, and I have also the confidence in my conduct that comes from my knowledge of life. I am neither Amelia Sedley nor Becky Sharp. I am the American girl, whose mother is her confidant, the girl who is not afraid of men and has no reason to be afraid of them, the girl who needs no chaperon (and if one were forced upon her she would ride away from her, the girl who can take care of herself, and who says to Mr. Cholly Knickerbocker, "You don't know what you are talking about. Go learn something about free, pure women."

ESTELLE M. B.—Long Island City, Sept. 24, 1897.

To the Editor of the Journal:

You are a very clever man, Mr. Cholly Knickerbocker, but I am pained to see that you are an narrow-minded as that class of which you write, namely the Four Hundred. This observation was forced upon me this morning when I read your advice to "Paternalists" about bicycling. So the chaperon is to be thrice her unwelcome and unnecessary presence into the noble pastime of wheeling, is she? For what? To get a free ride and a free lunch herself, or just to be tiresome and annoying?

Now, I am a young man, an employee in a clothing store. My hours are long, and even in the Summer months I rarely get even half a holiday. I am fond of wheeling, and on a salary which you would not doubt consider insignificant I have saved enough to buy a good wheel, which, and her of young lady friends who wheel, I often accompany them. During the past Summer I was my habit to go immediately home to dinner, eat, and then mount my wheel for a spin on the Boulevard. Nearly every evening I took one of my young lady friends out, and we were often gone as late as 10 o'clock, especially on Saturday night.

You who do not have to stay in town all Summer can have no idea what a relief to a tired man or woman these rides were. The evening, which might have been spent in dissipation, was passed in an exhilarating exercise, beneficial alike to health and spirits. I trust it is not vanity which prompts me to say that the young ladies whom I so entertained enjoyed it quite as much as I did, and I am sure that no right-thinking person has lost a lot of respect for them because they chose to be so entertained.

Sometimes I have taken one of these rides to supper at one of the refreshment places. We always are in full view of a crowd of pleasure seekers like ourselves, and I am sure no happier looking lot of young people could be found anywhere in the world.

Now what business has a chaperon in such a crowd? In the first place, if she wheeled at all she would probably do it badly and be a continual worry to the young folks. She would never keep up, she would complain of the hills, she would want to go far and would be an all-around nuisance. In the second place she would be expensive. In nine cases out of ten the escort would have to provide a wheel for her. Then when it came to supper or refreshments of any kind, there would be three to feed